

Here Is The REAL "Dickens Centenary" Dinner; Each Guest Still Lives and Will Live Forever



MR. PICKWICK ("Pickwick Papers") was an old gentleman who, retiring from business, sought to win fame as a scholar. He founded the Pickwick Club, of which he was president; then, attended by Sam Weller, his servant, and his three devoted followers, Wrinkle, Tupman and Snodgrass, he set forth upon a voyage of scientific exploration. This "voyage" did not carry him out of his own land, but it led him into quaint lanes, old-time country houses, borough elections and a series of highly amusing adventures. His blunders and those of his three comrades were continually getting the whole party into hot water. A frustrated duel, an elopement, a suit for breach of promise and a sojourn in prison were a few of the results. Mr. Pickwick's character and exploits are redeemed from mere buffoonery by the man's simple beauty of soul.

SYDNEY CARTON ("Tale of Two Cities") was a dissolute young English lawyer, whose recklessness and love of drink had ruined his prospects. He loved Lucy Manette as one might love an angel and he devoted his mispent life to her happiness. Lucy's husband, Charles Darnay, was seized by the French terrorists, charged with the mortal crime of being an aristocrat and condemned to death. Carton took advantage of a strong personal likeness between himself and Darnay to set the latter free and to take his place on the guillotine. As he mounted the scaffold it was granted to him to foresee the happiness that his sacrifice would bring to Lucy and to know that he had gloriously redeemed his miserable past. Carton's lips moved in the half audible words: "It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done. It is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known!"

SCROOGE ("Christmas Carol") was a miser, who for love of money had parted with family and friends and had crushed every human impulse out of his soul. On Christmas eve a succession of spirits carried him back to scenes of his youth, then gave him a glimpse of the varied joys and misery that were all about him, and finally showed him a prophetic vision of his own death—unloved, unmourned. Scrooge awoke at dawn on Christmas a changed man. The Christmas spirit had turned the miser into a human being. He gave freely to charity, became reconciled with his estranged relatives, and amply made up to his clerk, Bob Cratchit, for years of ill-treatment, becoming a second father to Bob's crippled child, Tiny Tim.

MR. BOFFIN ("Our Mutual Friend") was a lovely, gentle old fellow who suddenly found himself very rich when his employer died, supposedly childless. His efforts to educate himself and his kindly wife and to live up to the high station into which they had been so unexpectedly thrust were almost as pathetic as laughable. Incidentally, these efforts threatened to put him in the power

of unscrupulous men. From this situation Boffin's native honesty alone carried him to safety. On the return from sea of his employer's son, whom every one had believed to be dead, Boffin eagerly turned over the annoyingly great fortune to its rightful heir. Chief among his many deeds of tactful kindness was the reforming of a spoiled, vain girl's character, and leading her, by the artifice of violently opposing the match, to marry the man she really loved.

BILL SIKES ("Oliver Twist") was a burglar and a professional thug. He did the "strong arm work" for a gang of crooks of whom Fagin was the ruling spirit. In spite of his brutality there were two beings in the world that adored Sikes. One was Nancy, a girl thief, and the other was his villainous looking bulldog, Nancy, turning from her life of dishonesty, sought to set Sikes's feet in the straight path. But Sikes, believing she had betrayed Fagin's gang and himself, murdered her. While escaping from the police he accidentally hanged himself.

LITTLE NELL ("Old Curiosity Shop") was the granddaughter of a half-crazed old man who eked out a scanty living by keeping a shop where antiquities were sold. The old man was a gambler and to raise funds for gambling stole the money his granddaughter was hoarding for

their livelihood. Again and again the child stood between him and harm, shielding him from trouble and want. Forced to leave London, they wandered helplessly through the country, Little Nell still acting as guide and master mind of the pitiful journey. When at last the ordeal was passed and better days were dawning her fragile, overstrained health gave way and she died. It is concerning her death that Dickens critics fight most fiercely, some of them declaring its description a gem of true pathos, while others denounce it as maudlin.

BARNABY RUDGE was the imbecile son of a poor woman who lived in the latter years of the eighteenth century. She was believed to be a widow, but her worthless husband was really alive and a fugitive from justice. Barnaby was brought up in clean poverty, but was constantly getting into scrapes through his elfin mischief and crack-brained perverseness. His favorite companion was Grip, a raven. The bird's uncanny fashion of croaking "I'm a devil!" combined with Barnaby's eerie wildness, led simple folk to believe the pair were under satanic control. The lad wore a fantastic costume and decked his torn hat with bedraggled plumes and flowers. He and Grip romped together through mad escapades until the fa-

mous Gordon riots ended their active career.

away. His death scene, like Little Nell's—and for the same reason—is a point of bitter controversy between Dickens's admirers and detractors.

MR. MICAWBER ("David Copper-

field") is one of Dickens's most thoroughly delightful characters. He was full of wonderful maxims on saving money and was forever in debt. He was strong on good advice to youth, and had made a ludicrous mess of his own life. He offered to guide any one to success, and was a failure of the most complete, if most entertaining, kind. His optimism was boundless. He was eternally "waiting for something to turn up." And as he waited instead of working, the only thing that "turned up" was perpetual ill-luck.

The Range Riders Another Great Cowboy Romance By C. A. Selzer, Author of "THE TWO-GUN MAN"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
A cowboy riding slowly over a cliff trail glanced down into a valley below him and there saw a party of men trying to catch a horse, by which the horse had been thrown. The cowboy, who was named Allen, rode up to the party and, after a short talk, he rode away. He was a man of about thirty years of age, with a fair complexion and a pair of blue eyes. He was dressed in a light-colored shirt and dark trousers. He was a man of average height and build, with a slight smile on his face. He was a man of good nature and was well liked by all who knew him. He was a man of good nature and was well liked by all who knew him.

CHAPTER IX.
(Continued.)
The Prince of the Z. O.

"I'm sure that if you talked to Mr. Grant you would decide differently," suggested Miss Burroughs. "He's one of the nicest men." She blushed furiously and averted her head as Burroughs looked curiously at her.

"I'm going to talk to him," he said suddenly. He rose and went to the door, walking out upon the gallery floor.

"Grant!" he called. "Grant!"

The man who had been roving in the corner caught the words and the accompanying motion of the hand. Allen saw him and his eyes were fixed on another man who stood near, and came over the corner fence. Then she blushed again.

Presently Burroughs re-entered the room, and after a few minutes the tall young man of the river incident came in through the doorway. He stood just inside, his little figure erect, his eyes alight with a curious expression of inquiry. He did not look toward Miss Burroughs, but she cast furtive glances at him.

"Grant," said Burroughs, after the young man had settled himself beside the door, "why didn't you tell me you came from the T. Down?"

"My recollection is that you didn't ask me," returned the young man. "But you did come from there?"

"I reckon I did."

Burroughs faced the young man squarely. "Did you know old Everett?"

Grant nodded.

"Did you know that him and me never got along well?"

"I've heard about that."

"Him. If you know that, why did you come over here to work?"

The young man smiled. "I came over to marry Allen," he said quietly.

Burroughs started, and for a long time sat looking out upon the gallery floor. Then Grant spoke again.

"You're down frank about it," he said then. "But I reckon you're lying. Grant was a man of a moment, while Allen and Miss Burroughs exchanged dubious glances. Then Burroughs spoke again.

"Young man," he said, "I've been watching you ever since you've been here. You're one of them men that don't let anything get between them and

The Jarr Family

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WILLIE JARR FALLS INTO APACHE HANDS.
R. SLAVINSKY, the gladiator, was out on a job when the local band of young Apaches of the neighborhood descended upon his shop.

The belt over the door jarred its diamond warning as they flocked in the dusty, littered shop, with crates of glass, bits of glass, plain and ornamental, scattered around, and here and there an unframed section of mirror glass standing in a reflective attitude with its back against the wall. Slavinsky from the top of the stairs that led up to the Slavinsky living apartments, "is it lazy?"

Master Slavinsky bawled back that it was.

"Don't break no glass by the store," called down the cautious mother, who heard the voices of the other boys. "How often I told you to be careful and not break any glass of your popper's!"

"Now," said Master Slavinsky, turning to Master Jarr and the rest of his boyish companions, "now, here is the plunger when my father was pulling out the bread, what holds the glass in before he put it."

Saying which, he produces from the paternal work bench a formidable pair of rusty old pliers.

"Ah, I betcher he's afraid!" taunted Master Johnny Rangle, as Master Slavinsky handed the pliers to Master Jarr, who held them up to the countenance of Master Jarr.

"No, I ain't. Go ahead and pull the old tooth!" replied the hero.

And he seated himself on a box marked "Exit Lights," and bared the tooth for the sacrifice.

"I'm hoisting the job, gimme the dollar!" said Master Slavinsky.

"Now, don't let him have it! He'll keep it!" chorused the other dear little boys.

Here a wrangle burst forth in all the ferocity of boyhood's playful clamor. And the voice of Mr. Slavinsky was heard declaring that if they didn't shut up she'd come down with the whip to them.

It was finally decided, in repressed recrimination, that Johnny Rangle, Master Jarr, Charlie Muller and Master Slavinsky should each hold a corner of the dollar bill, originally intended to compensate the neighboring dental surgeon for the proposed extraction, but which was now being operated under amateur rules.

Quaslo Repler, being the strongest, was delegated to pull Master Jarr's tooth with the pliers. He offered to do it with one hand, and hold the upper middle of the dollar between the first finger and the thumb of the other hand.

This proposition was received with silent contempt, it being apparent that Master Repler, although the strong-

Schooldays Find "atches" and Follow the String!

